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The Ladies' Monitor.

"THE MIND TO IMPROVE, AND YET AMUSE."

VOL. I.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1801.

[NO. IV.]

THE BEGGAR-GIRL: A NOVEL.

By the Authoress of the Second Vindication of the Rights of Women....Never before Published.

[CONTINUED.]

THUS was he 'situated till four o'clock in the afternoon—his agony was at its zenith—it bordered on madness: for three hours he had paced the room unremittingly; his languid eye was at times fixed intently on the window, but his gaze was lost in the vacuity of space. This affair he judged to be the crisis of his misfortune, and but a few days more he hoped would launch him into externity, and to lasting peace, when the door suddenly opened, and Monima was folded in his arms.

Oh! my child! was all he could say—joy had effectually overpowered his utterance. The world in exchange for that moment, would have been but a bubble. This intoxication of felicity lasted several minutes, and when his hurried feelings gave vent to a free respiration, his first question was, How is this, my daughter? it was cruel to leave your father in suspense! where have you been? She had been weeping, but at a question that insinuated a remissness of duty, she sobbed aloud—kissed her father's cheek, and lay her hand on her heart, as a testimony of vindication and innocence. Her utmost efforts were inadequate to subdue the turbulent sensations of her breast: a half hour elapsed ere she could frame her ideas to any coherency of language. At length she was able to let her father know, that she had been vilely tricken into the city work-house, by the contrivance of Madame Sontine; that all her asseverations of innocence had been unavailing; that the poignancy of her grief had overpowered her strength so much; that she could not do the work that was laid down to her as a task, in consequence of which she had received

several severe lashes, of the rod of correction, but that she was entirely ignorant of the means that had been used to procure her liberty—the turnkey had dismissed her with an injunction to behave better in future.

The resentment of Monsieur Fontanbleu was heightened to phrenzy, when he reflected on the criminality of the wicked oppressive Madame, in sporting so cruelly with the feelings of a poor young creature, whose every appearance might lay a pitiable claim to the compassion of strangers. Oh Jean! Oh Piere! Oh Ferdinand! my sons, why were you not left to protect my little Monima from wicked oppression. Such were his exclamations, attended with sighs, that seemed to proceed from the inmost recess of his soul. Neither the father or daughter knew to what other cause to impute that wicked transaction of Madame Sontine, than to the exuberance of a fancy that delights to sport with the feelings of the poor, even at the expence of justice and humanity.

At the moment that Madame Sontine thought herself most secure from the aspersions of a rival, in the seclusion of the humble Monima, Monsieur Sontine was most active to procure her enlargement. He had a generous and liberal soul, which was easy moved to compassionate the sufferings of the poor; and though he felt no interest in the fate of the strange girl, yet he feared that she had been misused, and justice called loudly upon him to redress her misfortunes. He passed the night sleepless and uneasy; oppression had been relentlessly swayed over a helpless creature, and his wife had been accessory to it, from what cause he was not able to judge: he resolved, however, to use his influence in her behalf and leave the event to time. He hoped also to see the career of his wife's folly and malice receive a check in being frustrated in her crafty purpo-

ses relating to the unhappy girl. These thoughts occupied his mind till noon. He had spent the morning with a confidential friend, to whom he related the evening's adventure and his consequent intention. A youth, who was employed by his friend as clerk, had promiscuously heard part of the tale; it excited his curiosity to see the young creature who was the subject of it, and he arranged his affairs in order to be at or near the work-house when she would probably be liberated.

About three o'clock Monsieur Sontine repaired to the prison, entered bail for the future good behaviour of the young prisoner, and about an hour after Monima was set into the street.

The young clerk, who passed by the name of Pompe, paced the pavement that was bordered by the prison wall more than three quarters of an hour: at length the object of his curiosity came pensively down the steps—shame impelled her to muffle her face, but that part which was visible to him bore a strong resemblance to one whose near relationship to him made her dear to his soul, and whom the guillotine had mercilessly robbed him of. Memory prompted a tear for the fate of his unhappy sister, and buried in reflection, he involuntarily traced Monima to her humble door.

In the dusk of the evening, as Monsieur Sontine was giving orders to the coachman respecting his duties, he saw the same gloomy watchman glide through the court, into the kitchen. He had no intercourse whatever with his wife's relations, therefore they were utter strangers to him, and the view of the same suspicious figure, roused his attention and curiosity to a superlative degree; he followed him hastily, but Philip had been already secreted with his "loving dear sister," and informed her that he had reason to think that her proud frog-eater of a husband was as much concerned in the plot as any; that though he was dressed in the habit of a laquy last night, he nevertheless knew him by his Frenchified tongue; and added, that much of her fine schemes would turn out just as she was herself—*good-for-nothing*.

This information was as a stroke of thunder upon the senses of the lady. She clasped her hands with exclaiming, in the name of heaven what shall I do!

that girl certainly is a witch, or how would Sontine have known any thing of my intentions! Go, Philip, and see if she is still safely lodged in the work-house.—Here is a dollar for your trouble.

Monsieur Sontine had not fondness enough for his wife to be jealous of her; he had studied her character and found it composed of despicable meanness, and every unamiable quality that could degrade it to the lowest estimation. She was nearly ten years older than himself: he had married her in his earliest youth, and had been artfully ensnared by the appearances of virtuous amiability, but the experience of a few years had taught him that there was deception in low and uninformed women. Indifference and apathy were hence substituted for esteem and affectionate fondness. He often sighed for reciprocity of friendship and congeniality of soul, in the partner of his choice—but his sighs were vain; he had only to endeavour to reduce his wishes to a consistency with his situation and resign himself smilingly to his fate.

Yet, though he was by no means jealous of her, he was, nevertheless, sensibly alive to the dictates of that honor which prohibits all unlawful intercourse; and he was impatient to await the result of these mysterious transactions, with that silence that he had at first imposed upon himself: his suspense made him sullen; this his wife imputed to the prevailancy of his criminal passion; and even the mere appearances of peace and harmony seemed for ever banished from this lofty abode.

In the course of the evening Philip returned with the shocking news, that a Frenchman had been at the jail that afternoon, and had bailed the girl out; and also that the gentleman was ashamed to acknowledge any acquaintance with the girl; his pretext to the jailor was that he believed she had been unjustly dealt with, and that he considered it a duty incumbent on him to redress her. The jailor informed Philip at the same time, that the French gentleman had neither the friendship or curiosity to step in to see her, or to have her called out; he (the jailor) thought however that they looked like a pair who would very well know where to meet with one another, but all he had to do was to discharge her according to request.

Raving and frantic with the excess of jealousy, Madame Sontine raved and roared about the kitchen like a lion. She solemnly swore she would be the death of that French serpent if she could possibly discover her abode. Her execrations were uttered in language too opprobrious for repetition, and Philip was dismissed with an injunction to call again the next evening.

Whilst Madame had been in the kitchen listening to Philip's intelligence, it happened that a number of Monsieur Sontine's acquaintance, of both ladies and gentleman had come to spend the evening. Madame was an adept in the art of dissimulation; her brow was quickly smoothed, and a pleasing smile thrown over her countenance to conceal the poison that corroded at her rancorous heart. Monsieur De Noix was introduced that evening into the circle of their society by a very intimate friend of Monsieur Sontine; and before they separated a jaunt to Grey's gardens was made up among them for the next day.

When the hour arrived Madame Sontine was accidentally placed with Monsieur De Noix into his Phaeton. Several of the gentlemen rode on horseback and the rest were with the ladies in carriages of different kinds. The company was large and attracted the notice of the populace. As they passed Monsieur Fontanbleu's he stood at the window and slightly nodded to the bow he received from Monsieur De Noix. Madame Sontine had her eyes bent on the old man, and promiscuously requested to know if Monsieur De Noix had any acquaintance with him. She was answered in the affirmative. After a pause, he resumed my friendship for that old gentleman is unlimited, but through an affair of honor between his eldest son and myself, I have not only forfeited his friendship and esteem, but I have unfortunately incurred his contempt and hatred. Rumour and report of the transaction between his son and me have greatly exaggerated the criminality of my conduct, and blackened me in his opinion, and what adds to my distress, is that he seems determined not to listen to any justification or excuse from me. Poor man, his circumstances were once greatly affluent but I believe beggary will soon be his portion.

Pray sir, said the artful woman, has he no other children living? Only one, and when I was last there he intimated that she had lost herself or had been seduced from home. Her name, demanded she almost breathless. Her name, said he is Monima. She quickly turned herself about, to endeavour to retrace the house, but they had proceeded too far; her memory however was very retentive, and the ruin of those helpless creatures was contemplated to satiate her jealousy and vengeance upon.

Meantime Monima and her father were on the point of famishing. They had used their little store of potatoes with the utmost economy, but since the morning they had not had a morsel to satisfy the cravings of hunger. Begging was now become the only alternative to save themselves from death. And though the grief-worn Fontanbleu lived in hourly hope of dying, yet when he gazed on his youthful daughter and thought of the miseries and hardships he must consign her to, his heart misgave him and he grasped at life merely to partake with her in her misfortunes. To eat the piece that was procured by exposing his child to beggary, was a dagger to his heart, and had he been alone he would have died in preference: but his soul was wrapped in Monima, and he stooped even to beggary to preserve his daughter's life.

To-morrow you must go my child, it is the last refuge of the wretched! Let me look at you Monima!—my poor girl!—do you think your resolution adequate to the task?—Your mother never repelled a beggar; but my daughter, the world is merciless: In such broken sentences would this suffering father vent his grief. Monima affected cheerfulness, but the broken sigh—the languid smile—and glistening eye too plainly denoted the anguish of her soul. Exhausted with fasting, they betook themselves early to rest; but sleep was a stranger to their weary eye-lids; the morning dawned ere the bitter anticipation of to-morrow's adventures would give the wretched Monima one moment's repose. She rose with a palpitating heart: her turbulent feelings could no longer be held under this wonted restraint—She burst into tears and vehemently lamented the cruelty of her fate. Her fa-

ther's sighs were responsive to her agonizing sobs, and it was truly a house of mourning.

When Monima had thrown on her mantle and selected the best napkin to take with her, her father called her to his bedside: this morning, said he, mournfully, stamps my child a begger! Oh God! a begger upon public charity! Say, my suffering lamb, would you not rather die? No, my father, but I will venture my life to preserve you. The manly tear was prompted by the filial sentence—it slowly wandered over his furrowed cheek.

Monima hurried toward the door; she raised the latch, and in drawing the door open a bit of blank paper moved about half way with it; she stooped, picked it up and found it sealed. She carried it to her father and asked if it were proper to break it open. It appeared he said, to have been laid there for that purpose. She unclosed it, and found it to contain a bank note of ten dollars. A sudden ejaculation of thanks to the beneficent giver burst from her grateful heart, and she quickly provided the family with the necessities of life.

(To be continued.)

THE FISHING PARTY.

THE moon was full, and shone from a cloudless sky as the youthful Edward and his sister Cornelia returned from a visit which had been made to one of their country neighbours. As they entered the wood through which their path led, he drew his flute from his pocket and played several pathetic tunes. The influence of music on the soul to rouse, to touch or sooth is well known; but on such an evening, under such circumstances and with the assimilation of such ideas, the sound of the flute was productive of sensations that bordered on sublimity; no thought arose which was not in perfect unison with the feelings of her heart—The felicity of heaven was anticipated in the foretaste she had of the delights that virtue and innocence can procure, even on earth.

Cornelia was innocent and unsuspecting. She was then in her seventeenth year, and love had already taken possession of her heart. Her father's circumstances had been reduced from affluence to

mediocrity; but an appearance of a genteel competency was still maintained in the family. James Vinimort, the lover was one of those who woo for interest—and Cornelia was too young and too little conversant in the ways of the world, to know that such a thing as interest had any connection with the pretensions of love. Report of his wealth, and of his economical disposition were currently in circulation, but to Cornelia, that was only a secondary object, and of no moment whatever. She loved, yet knew not for what, and the day for the celebration of the marriage ceremony had been set with the approbation of all the friends and connections of both parties.

As Edward and Cornelia entered the village, they were met by Mr. Vinimort, who led them to Mr. Pecton's where a fishing party had been made up, and the brother and sister were invited with the rest of the genteel villagers—There they met with agreeable company, and mirth and hilarity, the offsprings of youth and health, presided over the little association. They told riddles, played pawns, and spoke of the late village occurrences; among the rest, Miss Beaumont, a young lady who had arrived that day on a visit to Doctor Hansel's family was much extolled for beauty and fortune. As Ann and Maria Hansel were to be of the fishing party, Miss Beaumont would of course, partake with them of the village amusement, and thus each one present might have an opportunity of seeing the matchless creature.

With that delirium of pleasure that attends youthful, innocent reflections, the moon lighted Edward and his lovely sister home. Preparations were immediately made for their morning jaunt. Edward composed a little song adapted to the pleasures of the day, and set it to music: it was to be sung by his sister, attended with the flute. Cornelia's mother was particularly assiduous in rendering every thing agreeable and convenient to her dear children. "They can be young but once, and let them consistently with innocence, enjoy their youth while they can," was her sentiment, and hope and expectation led them laughing to sleep.

They arose with the dawn...the morning was pleasant and fair, and against the rising of the sun

nearly all the company had assembled at the river. Mr. Vinimort, with a lover's attention, had waited on Cornelia, and was handing her over into the boat: when the whisper ran around of "there she is;"....he gazed....involuntarily let go of Cornelia's hand....a sudden emotion, visible to several of the party, seized him, and for five minutes he laboured under such evident restraint, that the girls began to rally him smartly for his uncommon awkwardness and ill-timed absence of mind, when every present circumstance demanded his utmost attention.

Cornelia's heart was smote with a sensation she could not describe, when she observed how intently her lover's eyes were bent on the beautiful Beaumont: she could not but feel his indifference. When she addressed him he appeared absent and lost in thought, and his awkward apologies and affected tenderness, when he was told of it, were as cruelly mortifying and pointedly severe, as neglect itself. Cornelia was an excellent singer, but the most eloquent persuasion was inadequate and insufficient to induce her to sing to the lute. She was too innocent to affect haughtiness, or contempt of his behaviour; her heart was corroded, and her countenance was the truest index of her heart....there one might read every emotion of the little pit-a-pat. She endeavoured to conceal her anguish, for fear of interrupting the harmony of the company....but, to the heart of a tender brother, a sister's grief gives poignancy. Edward was very attentive to the ladies, and particularly to Cornelia; he affected cheerfulness, and seemed solicitous to infuse that spirit into his sister....she would smile faintly....but his endeavours were useless and unavailing: a gloominess of thought brooded over her spirits....her eyes appeared, in the course of four or five hours, heavy and sunk....she was seized with a faintness of heart, and was carried to a cottage not very distant from the shore, where they had landed to prepare the fishing-feast.

The tender brother it was that bore this precious burden. Mr. Vinimort, with a young gentleman and several of the ladies, attended her; they appeared anxious for her immediate recovery, but as no token of that appeared in the course of an hour, the gentlemen betook themselves to the shore, and Ed-

ward and Cornelia were left to the enjoyment of their own reflections.

Miss Beaumont was a beauty, and possessed many amiable qualities. Her heart was ever open to the calls of pity: she had not the most distant idea of being, herself, the cause of Cornelia's indisposition, as she was utterly ignorant of the contract that subsisted between Mr. Vinimort and the unhappy girl. His attentions to Miss Beaumont, however, were so conspicuous, that it did not escape the notice of the most uninterested observer. With an elegant person and the easy address of high life, Mr. Vinimort knew how to ingratiate himself into the good opinion of both ladies and gentlemen; but his attention to Miss Beaumont was insinuating in the highest degree; she was not insensible to his attractions, and ere the decline of day, he had made a considerable progress in point of gaining her affections.

This amiable girl, however, was uneasy about Cornelia, and after Mr. Vinimort had returned she repaired to the cottage whither Cornelia had been carried. In her walk thither, Ann Hansell informed her of the contract on foot between Mr. Vinimort and Cornelia, and of the evident cause of her indisposition: she appeared greatly affected, and, though love had gained some ascendancy over her heart, yet she felt a sudden dislike and contempt of Vinimort, that made her think it impossible ever to look upon him with any degree of kindness.

The ladies had hardly seated themselves, ere Mr. Vinimort came, nearly breathless: Cornelia was then walking with the ladies in the orchard. "Pardon me, Miss Beaumont, I had not an idea that your walk was directed hither, or I would have offered my services to conduct you." She thanked him civilly, but evinced her dislike of him, by a coldness of behaviour, that made him shrink with fear. She turned to Cornelia and very politely enquired into the state of her health, and before she had time to answer, he continued, "the evening is advancing very rapidly....I think, ladies, the air might prove pernicious to Miss Cornelia's health....with your permission, I will conduct you to the boat."

Cornelia had impatiently awaited the decline of

day: she was anxious to throw herself upon the bosom of her mother, and therefore she hastily assented to the proposal. They soon arrived at the river. The day had been spent as delightfully as youth and good society could make it, to all but the hapless Cornelia; they had caught abundance of excellent fish....good humour, wit and repartee had heightened the relish of the feast....but Cornelia had been treated with neglect, with pointed indifference, by a man whose sway over her heart was arbitrate, and from whose love nothing but death could sever her affections.

When they arrived at the village, mutual invitations were given among the ladies, of making and paying visits; and, though Cornelia had reason to dislike Miss Beaumont, yet she was polite enough to evince a very cordial desire of seeing her at her father's. In consideration of her ill state of health, Miss Beaumont was among the rest that waited on Cornelia home. Vinimort tendered one arm to the amiable beauty, and extended the other to the dispondant Cornelia, but she previously had caught the arm of Edward; and thus they walked homeward.

Politeness would induce Mr. Vinimort to see the ladies home; he attached himself to Miss Beaumont and Hansells, and left Cornelia to spend the remainder of the evening as pleasantly as her reflections would admit.

Here was a revolution in the mind of the tender Cornelia, that was fatal in its consequences; one day had effectually destroyed her peace, and placed a gnawing canker in the bosoms of her parents and brother....For several succeeding evenings the moon arose serene and cloudless, and shed its lustre through the parlour-windows; but the parlour was no more graced with the presence of the engaging lover. Mr. Vinimort was artful enough to continue his visits, merely to avoid creating a rupture between himself and Edward; but they were short, his behaviour cool, and his indifference insolent. Propriety would not admit of a challenge from Edward, as long as appearances were maintained; besides, he hoped to create a dislike to Vinimort in the breast of Cornelia; for he was not hardened enough in villainy to be entirely insensible to her sufferings....a few months might produce this effect,

and then his conscience and the world both acquit him for his conduct. Every day convinced him more and more, that Vinimort's love for Cornelia was founded on no other basis than the hope which her father's imaginary estates had instilled into his mind of possessing. Miss Beaumont was a beauty, and an orphan; ten thousand pounds was more than three times the sum he could expect with Cornelia; besides, her minority would close at the expiration of four months, and then he would at once come into possession of her estate, without the fear and anxiety that attends on waiting the dissolution of parents by death, and the division of the property between brethren and other legated relatives. This was his plan of conduct toward himself and Cornelia; but alas! it answered his purpose too fatally.

Exactly two months had elapsed, when Mr. Vinimort's visits became more frequent; they were impelled by pity and compassion; but pity came too late! the corrosion of love had cankered Cornelia's life: she was in the last stage of a galloping consumption. Here was the pride and hope of two excellent parents brought to the verge of the grave by a villainous seduction of her youthful affections! Her dissolution was hourly expected; yet when she again saw the tender assiduity, the mildness and apparent anguish of her faithless lover, she sighed for life; but it was too late; the worm had penetrated the core of her heart, and a few days would terminate her puny existence.

On the last evening of her abode among mortals, the moon shone resplendently beautiful, and its rays were thrown over her bed; she seemed unusually cheerful....spoke of sitting up, and said she felt a material difference in her strength. My dear brother, she said, I hope we shall yet have many pleasant walks by that light, pointing to the moon.... That was a sweet, but an eventful evening....I was too happy....your flute made me think I was in heaven....do, my dear brother, play the same tune to me now. Edward endeavoured to dissuade her from a wish that was prompted by delirium; he told her that her nerves were too weak: but she was bent on hearing him play. The mournful feelings of his heart gave pathos to the flute....it became a scene of anguish, softened to enthusiasm. Cor-

nelia sighed!...and sobs were reiterated from every corner. At length she said, O Edward, I can listen no longer... 'tis too affecting! He threw himself over the bed and sobbed aloud. Cornelia shed a tear, and fell into a quiet sleep.

Thus she continued till two o'clock next morning... When she awoke she asked for a drink, and as the nurse was putting it to her lips, she drew a deep breath and expired in her mother's arms.

Thus fell a blooming, innocent creature, a victim to villainy, at the shrine of hopeless love.

NEW-YORK, AUGUST 29, 1801.

THE MONITOR—NO. IV.

LOVE OF FAME seems, more or less, the actuating principle of every rational creature; and, when it stimulates to worthy emulation, it ought to be encouraged in whatever shape it may make its appearance. Some do assert, that whatever is natural, is right; but this may be confuted by exhibiting to view, envy, malice, slander and calumny—propensities which are as natural to the human heart as the love of fame, and which are so far from being right, that they have employed the pen of the moralist for many centuries past, to reduce the malignancy of their usurpation and sway over justice and urbanity:—but from being the spontaneous produce of human nature, their endeavours have been and doubtless will be, useless and ineffectual. Some wish to appear good, not for the intrinsic value of it, but merely as it may make them famous for goodness. Fame is the ruling passion of hypocrites, of every denomination; and it may, with a little exception, be said, that fame is a common substitute for virtue. This is a harsh expression; but as virtue is adorable in herself, the mere name of being virtuous answers the purpose of the adulteress to the world. The virago, with a smoothened brow, for fame sake, would impose herself as a pattern of quietness and placidity. In short, the affectation of amiableness has its origin in the love of fame. That it answers the ends it proposes to itself, a little observation will but too obviously contradict; it costs much anxiety

of mind to wish to appear what we really are not; and the end that is proposed in aspiring to fame, is happiness—anxiety, however, precludes all hope of happiness. But where genuine virtue holds umpire of the soul, the action, the word, even the thought, may be laid open to the inspection of the world. Fame, then, is not a necessary requisition of happiness, but happiness follows as the shadow of its object, and it needs only the exertion of reason to be really good. Fame, is too vapid and fluctuating to constitute happiness—to be virtuous, is to be happy.

SELECT SENTENCES.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware: whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack; and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

The pleasure which affects the human mind with the most lively and transporting touches, is the sense that we act in the eye of infinite wisdom, power, and goodness, that will crown our virtuous endeavours here with a happiness hereafter, large as our desires, and lasting as our immortal souls; without this the highest state of life is insipid, and with it the lowest is a paradise.

Though an honorable title may be conveyed to posterity, yet the ennobling qualities which are the soul of greatness, are a sort of incommunicable perfections, and cannot be transferred.

MARRIED,

On Monday last, by the Rev. Dr. M'Night, Mr. BENJAMIN TRIPP, to Miss MARY WEEKS.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Kuyper, Mr. ISHABOD PRALL, to Miss HANNAH THOMSON, daughter of Mr. John Thomson, merchant, all of this city.

DIED,

On Monday, 24th inst. Mrs. JANE PARK, relict of the late Mr. Samuel Park, of Philadelphia.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Ladies' Monitor.

THE CHINA TEA-POT:

A BALLAD.

How strange so e're this tale may run
 In its most trite relation ;
 It hap'ned thus beneath the sun,
 Yea 'mong our very nation !
 Ten ladies had assembled all,
 Some brown, some fair, some fallow ;
 Some fat, some slim, and others tall,
 And some that were quite yellow.
 The bow went round, and scandal teem'd,
 And fashions were descanted ;
 Each eye with animation beam'd,
 While innocence was taunted.
 When lo ! behold Miss Letty came
 To see great Philadelphia ;
 (Twere manners not to tell her name,
 Yet I must tell the truth, see.)
 In ribbon's stiff, and starched gown,
 She step'd into the parlour ;
 Got introduc'd among the town
 As sweet Miss Letty Snarler.
 No custom rude had ting'd her mind,
 Fair nature was her tutor ;
 To blacks and whites she was full kind,
 As blacks or whites would suit her.
 Now tea-time came—black Nance was call'd,
 The waiter was paraded ;
 The tea was measured out to scald,
 All matters were completed :
 When in grand order and parade
 The ladies sat a sipping,
 Poor Letty she was sore afraid,
 E'en 'till the sweat 'gan dripping.
 Though to her mam a dex'trous maid,
 Though belle of all the country—
 Could speak her mind ! was not afraid !
 Yea, look with much effron'try !
 But here, alas ! the scene was chang'd,
 She tremb'd as a chicken ;
 Her troubled fancy homeward rang'd ;
 Each glance her nerves would quicken.
 When Mrs. H—call'd out for Nance—
 The call was twice repeated ;

Her nature led poor LETT a dance—

The farce was near completed.

“ Pray Mrs. H—don't call your maid,

“ The trouble I will save her.”

Oh no dear, Letty, be not mad,

'Tis this I have the girl for.

She snatch'd the pot—it seem'd her fate—

From table up she started !

“ Odds-rabbit-it what fuss you make,”

And to the kitchen darted.

This was rare sport for all the sex—

This set their teeth a grinning :

Poor Letty they did sorely vex,

The girl was forc'd to sinning !

She swore in silence, from her heart,

It was a downright scandal ;

She swore she would from thence depart—

Then touch'd the kettle handle.

But woe to her ! her tremb'ling hand

Went quivering all about,

That nervous shock could not withstand,

So—BROKE THE TEA-POT SPOUT.

ON THE

DELUSIONS OF YOUTHFUL FANCY.

DELUSIVE dreams—how long, with artful skill,

Has your infatuation hush'd my mind ;

How sway'd my soul, that with extatic thrill

She soar'd, and thought perfection here to find.

But, ah ! how chang'd—your soft illusive sway

Was as the meteor of a summer's eve,

Bright, glaring, transitory ; and by day

A darksome vapour—seen but to deceive.

The proof is come—reality stalks on,

The curtain drops to fancy's fairy scenes ;

Her step too firm to stoop, my soul to fawn,

I feel full well what bleak experience means.

Life's storm, with rolling thunder threatens hoarse ;

Youth's glaring vapours dim'd my wond'ring sight !

I feel the gust—I hear its awful course,

But darkness intercepts my wish'd-for flight.

Come thou, Philosophy ! pervade this heart,

Instill thy precepts deep into my soul ;

Illumine my eyes—thy steadfastness impart,

My will be henceforth under thy controul.

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